

b. 25 k. 7.

Hawes (S)
K.

The couercyon of Werers.





He fruytfull sentence & the noble werkes
To our doctryne wyten in olde antyquyte
By many grete and ryght notable clerkes
Grounded on reason & hyghe auctoryte
Dyde gyue vs example by good moralte
To folowe the trace of trouthe and ryghtwysnes
Leuyng our synne and mortall wretchednes

By theyr wytyng dothe vnto vs appere
The famous actes of many a champpyon
In the courte of fame renowned fayre and clere
And some endyted theyr entencion
Cloked in coloure harde in construccyon
Specyally portes vnder cloudy fygyres
Coueryd the trouthe of all theyr scriptures

So by storygraphes all the worthy dedes
Of kynges and knyghtes dyde put in wytyng
To be in mynde for theyr memoypall medes
How sholde we now haue any knowledgyng
Of thynges past but by theyr endytyng
Wherfore we ought to preyle them doubteles
That spent theyr tyme in suche good besyng

Amonge all other my good mayster Lydgate
The eloquent porte and monke of bere
Dyde bothe contrye and also translate
Many vertuous bookes to be in memoire
Touchyng the trouthe well and sentencionly
But syth that his dethe was intollerable
I praye god rewarde hym in lyfe per durable



Amonge all thynges nothyng so prouffitable
As is science with the sentencious scripture
For worldly rychesse is often transmutable
As dayly dothe appere well in bre
Yet sciens a bybeth and is moost sure
After pouerte to attayne grete rychesse
Sciens is cause of promocyon doubtles

I ytell oꝝ nought expert in poetrye
Remembryng my youth so lyght and frayle
Purpose to compyle here full breuatyly
A lytell treatyse wofull to bewayle
The cruell sweters whiche do god assaile
On euery syde his swete body to tere
With terryble othes as often as they swere

But also for drede plunged in neglygence
My penne doth quake to presume to endyte
But hope at laste to recure this science
Croseth me ryght hardely to wyte
To deuoyde ydlenesse by good appetyte
For ydlenesse the grete moder of synne
Euery byce is redy to lette ynne

I with the same ryght gretely infecte
Aykely to depe tyll grace by medycyne
Recured my lehenes my payne to abiecte
Commandynge me by her hye power deuyn
To drawe this treatyse for to enlumpyne
The reders therof by penytencyall pyte
And to pardon me of theyr benygnyte

Right myghty prynces of euery crysten ryggon
I sende you gretynge moche hertly a grace
Right wel to gouerne bpryght your dominyon
And all your lordes I greete in lyke cace
By this my lettre your hertes to embrace
Besechynge you to pryncite it in your mynde
How for your sake I toke on me mankynde

And as a lambe moost mekely byde enclyne
To suffre the dethe for your redempcyon
And ye my kynges whiche do now be domyne
ouer my comons in terrestypall mancyon
By pryncely preemynence and Juredycyon
In your regall courtes do suffre me be rente
And my tender body with blode all be sprente

Without my grace ye maye nothyng preuaile
Though ye be kynges for to mayntene your see
To be a kyng it may nothyng auayle
But yf my grace preserue his dygnyte
Beholde your seruauntes how they do tere me
By cruell othes now pbon euery syde
About the worlde launcynge my wofuldes wyde

All the graces whiche I haue you shewed
Reuolue in mynde ryght ofte ententyfly
Beholde my body with bloody proppes ended
Within your realmes now torne so pyteously
Towled and tugged with othes cruelly
Some my heed some myn armes and face
Some my herte do all to rente and raze

They nere agayne do hange me on the rode
They tere my sydes and are nothyng dysmayde
My woundes they open and deuoure my blode
I god and man moost wofully arayde
To you complayne it maye not be denyde
ye nowe to tug me / ye tere me at the roote
yet I to you am chefe refuyte and boote

Wherfore ye kyng's repgnyng in renowne
Resourme your seruautes in your courte abused
To good example of euery maner towne
So that theyr othes whiche they longe haue bled
On payne and punysshement be holly refused
Make as a Lambe I suffre theyr grete wronge
I maye take vengeaunce though I tary longe

I do forbere I wolde haue you amende
And graunte you mercy and ye wyll it take
O my swete brederne why do ye offende
Agayne to tere me whiche deyed for your sake
Lose my kyndenes and frome synne awake
I dyde redenie you frome the deuylles chayne
And spyte of me ye wyll to hym agayne

Made I not heuen the moost glourious mansyon
In whiche I wolde be gladde to haue you in
Now come swete brederne to myn habytacyon
Alas good brederne with your mortall synne
Why flee ye frome me / to torne agayne begynne
I wrought you I bought you ye can it not denye
Yet to the deuyl ye go nowe wyllingly





See
 Me (kynde
 Be
 Agayne
 My payne (in mynde
 Beteyne
 My swete bloode
 On the roode (my broder
 Dyde the good

My face ryght red *
 Myn armes spred (thynke none oder
 My woundes bled *
 Beholde thou my syde *
 Wounded so ryght wyde (all for thyn owne sake
 Bledynge soze that tyde *
 Thus for the I sinerted *
 Why arte þu harde herted (and thy swerynge aslake
 Be by me conuerted
 Cere me nowe no more
 My woundes are soze /and come to my grace
 Leue swerynge therfore
 I am redy *
 To graunte mercy /for thy trespase
 To the truely *
 Come nowe nere
 My frende dere /before me
 And appere *
 I so
 In wo le se *
 Dyde go *
 I *

Crye
hy

(the

Unto me dere broder my loue and my herte
Turmente me no moze with thyn othes grete
Come vnto my Joye and agayne reuerte
Frome the deuylles snare and his subtyll net
Beware of the worlde all aboute the set
Thy fleshe is redy by concupyscence
To burne thy herte with cursed vyolence

Thoughe these thre enemyes do soze the assaile
Upon euery syde with daungerous iniquite
But yf thou lyst they may nothyng pzeuaile
For yet subdue the with all theyr extremyte
To do good or yll all is at thy lyberte
I do graunte the grace thyn enemyes to subdue
Swete broder accepte it theyr power to extue

And ye kynges and prynces of hys noblenes
With dukes and lordes of euery dygnyte
Indued with manhode wysdome and ryches
Ouer the comons hauyng the soueraynte
Correcte them whiche so do tere me
By cruell othes without repentaunce
Amende by tyme lest I take vengeaunce

Exodi vicesimo non accipies nomen dei tui in vanum.

Unto the man I gaue commaundement
Not to take the name of thy god baynfully
As not to swere but at tyme conuenient
Before a Iuge to bere recorde truely
Namyng my name with reuerence mekely
Unto the Iuge than there in presence
By my name to gyue to the good credence

I my bzederne yf that I be wrothe
It is for cause ye falsly by me swere
Ye knowe your selfe that I am very trothe
Yet wrongfully ye do me rente and tere
ye neyther loue me nor my Justyce fere
And yf ye dyde ye wolde full gentylly
Obeie my byddynge well and perfyte

The worldly kynges haupnge the soueraynte
ye do well obey without resystance
ye dare not take theyr names in vanyte
But with grete honoure and eke reuerence
Than my name more hye of magnyfycence
ye oughte more to drede whiche am kyng of all
Bothe god and man and regne celestyall

No erthely man loueth you so well
As I do whiche mekely dyde enclyne
For to redeme you from the fendes of hell
Takynge your kynde by my godhede dyuine
ye were the fendes I dyde make you myne
For you swete bzetherne I was on the rode
Gyupnge my body my herte and my blode

Than why do ye in euery maner of place
With cruell othes tere my body and herte
My sydes and woundes it is a pyteous care
Alas swete brederne I wolde you conuerte
For to take vengeaunce ye do me coherre
From the hous of swerers shall not be absent
The plage of Justyce to take punysshement

Cande. Ecclesiastici. xxxiii. Vir multum iurans implebitur
iniquitate et non distendet a domo eius plaga.

A man moche swerynge with grete iniquite
Shall be replete and from his maneyon
The plage of vengeaunce shall not cessed be
Wherfore ye brederne full of abusyon
Take good hede to this dyscrypcyon
Come now to me and are forgyuenes
And be penytente and haue it douteles

Inglissinis. Non potest male mori qui bene vixit et vir bene
moriatur qui male vixit

Who in this worlde lyueth well and ryghwysly
Shall deye well by ryght good knowlegynge
Who in this worlde lyueth yll and wrongfully
Shall hardly scape to haue good endynge
I do graunte mercy but no tyme enlongynge
Wherfore good brederne whyles that ye haue space
Amende your lyfe and come vnto my grace

My wordes my prelates vnto you do preche
For to conuerte you from your wretchednes
But lytell auayleth you now for to teche
The worlde hath cast you in suche blyndnes
Lyke vnto stones your hartes hath hardnes
That my swete wordes may not reconsole
Your hartes harde with mortall synne so byle

No worthe your hartes so plantid in pryde
No worthe your wrath and mortall enuye
No worthe slouth that dothe with you abyde
No worthe also inmesurable glotony
No worthe your tedys synne of lechery
No worthe you whome I gaue free wyll
No worthe couetyse that dothe your soules spyll

No worthe shorte Joye cause of payne eternall
No worthe you that be so peruerred
No worthe your pleasures in the synnes mortall
No worthe you for whome I sore smerted
No worthe you euer but ye be conuerted
No worthe you whose makynge I repente
No worthe your horryble synne so byolente

No worthe you whiche do me forsake
No worthe you whiche wyllynge offende
No worthe your swerynge whiche dothe not aslake
No worthe you whiche wyll nothynge amende
No worthe byce that dothe on you attende
No worthe your grete unkyndenes to me

Wo worthe your hertes withouten pyte

Wo worthe your falshode and your doublenesse

Wo worthe also your corrupte Iugement

Wo worthe delyte in worldely rychesse

Wo worthe debate without extynguyshement

Wo worthe your wordes so moche impacient

Wo worthe you vnto whome I dyde bote

And worthe you that tere me at the rote

Blessyd be ye that loue humylyte

Blessyd be ye that loue trouthe and pacyence

Blessyd be ye folowynge werkes of equityte

Blessyd be ye that loue well abstinence

Blessyd be ye byrgyns of excellence

Blessyd be ye whiche loue well vertue

Blessyd be ye whiche do the worlde eschue

Blessyd be ye that heuenly Joye do loue

Blessyd be ye in vertuous gouernaunce

Blessyd be ye whiche do pleasures reprove

Blessyd be ye that consyder my greuaunce

Blessyd be ye whiche do take repentaunce

Blessyd be ye remembrynge my passyon

Blessyd be ye makynge petycyon

Blessyd be ye folowynge my trace

Blessyd be ye lounge trybulacyon

Blessyd be ye not wyllynge to trespase

Blessyd be ye of my castycacyon

Blessyd be ye of good operacyon

Blessyd be ye vnto me ryght kynde
Blessyd be you whiche haue me in your mynde

Blessyd be ye leuyng yll company
Blessyd be ye hauntyng the vertuous
Blessyd be ye that my name magnify
Blessyd be ye techyng the bycious
Blessyd be ye good and relygyous
Blessyd be ye in the lyfe temperall
Whiche applye your selfe to Joye celestyall

The byt yll worlde ryght often transmutable
Who wyll in it his lyfe and tyme well spende
Shall Joye attayne after inestymable
For in the worlde he must fyrst condyscende
To take grete payne as his power wyll extende
Agaynst the worlde the flesshe and the deuyll
By my grete grace for to withstande theyr euill

For who can be a gretter fole than he
That spendeth his tyme to hym vncertayne
For a breuyat pleasure of worldly vanyte
Than after that to haue eternall payne
Who of the worlde delyteth and is fayne
Shall after sorowe and ery be be
In an other worlde quante sunt tenebre

Who is wyser than he that wyll applye
In the worlde take payne by due dyligence
After shorte payne to come grete glozpe
Whiche is eterne moost hpe of excellence
Where he shall se my grete magnifycence

With many aungelles whiche for theyr solace
Inlacryately do beholde my face

Regarde no Joye of the erthly consystoꝝ
For lyke as Phebus dothe the snowe relente
So passeth the Joyes of the worlde transytoꝝ
Tyme renneth fast tyll worldely lyfe be spent
Consyder this in your entendemente
Blessed be they that my wordes do here
And kepe it well / for they are to me dere

Therfore good brederne your hertes enclyne
To loue and drede me that am omnipotent
Bothe god and man in Joye celestyne
Beholde my body all to torne and rent
With your spytefull othes cruell and byolente
I loue you ye hate me ye are to harde herted
I helpe you ye tere me lo how for you I smerted

Mercy and peace dyde make an bryte
Byt wene you and me but trouth & ryghtwysnesse
Do nowe complayne byddynge my godheed se
How that ye breke the lege of sothfastnesse
They tell me that by Justyce doubtelesse
I must take vengeaunce vpon you sykerly
That by your swerynge / agayne me crucefye

for at the request of good mercy and peace
I haue forborne you longe and many a daye
yet more and more your synnes do encrease
Wherfore my Justyce wyll no moze delaye

But take vengeaunce for all your proude araye
I warne you ofte ye are nothyng the better
But ye amende my vengeaunce shall be gretter

Contra iuratores xpm in celo crucifigentes
per bernardū dixit dominus. Nonne satis
pro te vulneratus sum: nonne satis pro te af-
flictus sum: desine amplius peccare. qz magis
aggrauat vulnus peccati q̄ vulnus lateris
mei

Am not I wounded for the sufferyent
Haue I not for the ynoughe afflyccyon
Leue more to synne by good amendement
The wounde of synne to me is more passyon
Than the wounde of my spde for thy redempcyon
Thoughe I despayre I shall not deskeny
But ye amende to brenne eternally

With my bloody woundes I dyde your chartre seale
Why do you tere it / why do ye breke it so
Syth it to you is the eternall heale
And the releace of euerlastyng wo
Beholde this lettre with the prynte also
Of myn owne seale by perspye portrayture
Prynte it in mynde and ye shall helthe recure

And ye kynges and lordes of renowne
Exhorte your seruauntes theyr swerynge to cease
Come vnto me and cast your synne adowne
And I my vengeaunce shall cruely releace
With grace and plente / I shall you encrease

And bynne you whiche reuolue inwardly
This my complaynt to eternall glory
Amen.

The Auctor.

Go lytell treatyse deuoyde of eloquence
Tremblynge for drede to approche the maieste
Of our souerayne lord surmountynge in excellence
But vnder the wyng of his benygnyte
Submyttinge the to his mercifull pyte
And beche his grace to pardon thy rudenes
Whiche of late was made to escheue ydylnes

Thus endeth the conuersyon of swerers made &
compyled by Stephen Hawys grome of h^e chamb^{er}
of our souerayne lord kynge Henry the seuenth. En
prynted at London in flete strete at the sygne of the
sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. prynter vnto h^e moost
excellent pryncesse my lady the kynges graudame.
The yere of our lord a. M. CCCC. and .ix. The
fyrst yere of h^e reygne of our souerayne lord kynge
Henry the .viii.





